

Adair County News

VOLUME XXV

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Sanders-Lyon Wedding.

The following is a complete description of the Sanders-Lyon marriage. It is well written and we take it from The News-Journal, a paper published in the bride's home town. Upon the return of Mr. Lyon and bride they will occupy apartments in the Hancock rooming-house. While the groom is not strictly a home man, his people are originally Columbians, and we take pleasure in reproducing the well-written article of his marriage to a popular and high standing young lady of a sister county:

The First Baptist Church of this city was the scene of a very pretty wedding Tuesday at High noon, when Rev. H. S. Summers in a ceremony, beautiful and impressive a poem in blank verse, said the words that made Miss Ellen Allen Sanders the wife of Mr. Alvin Robert Lyon.

This was the first wedding in the new church which was beautifully decorated in jasmine daisies, English ivy and ferns. As friends arrived at the church they were greeted by beautifully strains of music rendered by Miss Sylvia Hubbard on the violin with Miss Mary Sanders at the piano, first being "Angel's Serenade" followed by Traumeria after which Miss Margaret Kerr in her pleasant way sang "Because," "I Love You Truly," and "I Hear You Calling Me." Then as Lohengrin's wedding march was played, Miss Prudence Lyon sister of the groomed, gown in a navy blue crepe Roma dress with hat to match, came down the left aisle of the church while Mr. Fayette Sanders brother of the bride came down the right to the altar. Then followed Mr. James Lyon, brother of the groom, and Miss Ruth, his sister, in a dress of blue canton crepe with taffeta hat in sand color after which the Maid of Honor Miss Elizabeth Sanders, sister of the bride, attired in a dress of grey taffeta effectively trimmed in applique roses, with hat to match of grey taffeta, pink georgette and roses. Then the flower girl, little Miss Catherine Graves, cousin of the bride, dressed in pink organdy with hat of same came down the left aisle followed by the bride on the arm of her father, Mr. J. R. Sanders, who gave her to the groom who with Mr. Grady Risen, best man met them at the altar.

The brides gown was blue canton crepe trimmed in grey with hat of same in poke shape and she carried a shower bouquet of Lillies of the Valley, Killarney roses and ferns while the bride's maids carried bouquets of Killarney roses and ferns. They left the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march and the bride and groom left immediately for a short trip after which they will be at home in Columbia, where Mr. Lyon is in business.

Miss Sanders is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Sanders. Mr. Lyon is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Lyon of Buchanan Lyon Co.

The out of town guests were: Miss Elizabeth Hutcherson and two brothers Kenneth and Lyon from Glasgow, Mrs. Thornton and daughter, Bradfordsville, Ky., Mrs. S. M. Sanders, Greensburg and Mrs. George Barbee, Syracuse, Neb.

Base ball, races, music and all kinds of amusements at the Columbia Fair Grounds on July 4th.

Quarterly Meeting.

The third Quarterly Meeting for Columbia will be held in the Methodist Church June 25-26. Preaching at 7:45 P. M. followed with the Sacrament Sunday, June 25 and quarterly Conference at 7:45 P. M. Monday, June 26.

T. J. Wade, P. E.

Don't fail to see my line of Gent's Furnishing Goods.

L. E. Young.

The best chautauqua ever held in Columbia is now on. Buy your season ticket and save money.

A Quiet Wedding.

Last Wednesday, June 14th, at 4 p. m., Mrs. Ella Y. Robertson and Mr. W. M. Willmore were married at the home of the bride's father, by Rev. J. P. Scruggs, of Franklith, Ky. The wedding was a very quiet affair, only the immediate family and few special friends present.

This union unites two of our best people, the bride being the most excellent and accomplished daughter of Mr. C. H. Yates, one of the oldest and best citizens of Adair county.

In former years, Mrs. Robertson was one of our best teachers, giving universal satisfaction where she taught. Since the death of her husband she has lived a retired life and solely for her aged father, caring for him in every possible way. The bridegroom is a successful merchant of forty years. Has lived all of his life in the above town, serving two terms as Postmaster, under Democratic administration. Has been Vice President of Gradyville State Bank ever since the establishment of said institution. He is now worshipful Master of Gradyville Lodge, No. 251, F. & A. M., and has served in that capacity for several years.

Mrs. J. N. Coffey, of Columbia, a cousin and life long friend of the bride, baked the angel food bride's cake.

The bride is an aunt of Mrs. Geo. F. Stults and Mrs. Gordon Montgomery, this place.

A 6 o'clock dinner was spread at the home of the groom, presided over by Mrs. H. A. Walker and Mrs. L. C. Hindman.

The many friends of both the bride and the groom wish for them a long, happy and prosperous life.

Spend a "Glorious Fourth" at the Columbia Fair Grounds.

Lancaster, Ky.

June 15, 1922.

Editor News:-

Enclosed find my check to renew subscription. In your issue of June 13, you are giving the tobacco growers in my native county good advice. I trust they will all join the pool and Adair will go 100 per cent. for same. If it should I will be more proud of my county than ever, if such could be possible.

Sincerely yours,
J. W. Sweeney.

A Fine Hog.

My large type, spotted Polan China male is ready for service \$1 at the gate.
S. H. Mitchell,
Columbia, Ky.

Mrs. Francis Dead.

The wife of Judge Wm. Francis, Campbellsville, died Friday of last week. She had been confined to her bed for a number of weeks. She was a Blankenship before her marriage and was born and reared in Adair county. She was a splendid woman and had many friends in Adair. Her funeral was largely attended.

I have just received a large assortment of the latest style shirts. Don't fail to see them.

L. E. Young.

Mr. Lisle Baker, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Baker, Monticello, and a grandson of Judge H. C. Baker, this place, graduated from Center College last week.

When the sun parlor is completed at the home of Mr. H. N. Miller, he will have a dwelling of perfect comfort and one of the best looking in the town of Columbia.

The beech mast is heavier than it has been for many years. It will be the means of saving many barrels of corn.

The gardens about Columbia are producing well, and there is scarcely a family but is getting plenty of vegetables.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

AM DODGED A MAN FUH
DE LONGES' T KEEP OUT
DOIN' SOME WORK FUH
IM EN NOW ATTEH AH'S
DONE DID DE WORK HE
BIN DODGIN' ME!



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Found Dead in Bed.

Mr. John Bryant, who was known over the county as "Squirrel John," was found dead, in his bed, last Wednesday night, the 14th. He was 87 years old and was never married. He was strictly an honorable man, and had been a great hunter. He had the reputation of having killed more squirrels than any other one man in Adair county. He leaves several brothers and sisters, Mr. T. J. Bryant, of Ozark, being one of the number. He died in the home where he had lived all his life. He had been on the decline for several years. He went to bed as usual Wednesday night, and a few hours after he retired he was found dead. His funeral was largely attended. He served in the Federal army and had always been an ardent Democrat.

Notice.

Ice will be sold for cash only. Hours from 8 a. m. to 12 m.; 1 p. to 6 p. m. No ice sold after hours. Sunday open from 7 to 10 only. Ice at all times.
Marshall Bros.

Mr. A. A. Huddleston is not as forgetful as some people might suppose. Two or three years ago he promised us a few fine Cumberland River fish, and he has kept that promise. Last Monday he landed in his automobile in front of the News Office, and in it was a half bushel box closely packed with fine drum. We had enough to divide with friends, all of whom praised Mr. Huddleston for his kindness and generosity.

The big automobile contest in the Louisville Herald has closed, and the winners will be announced in a few days. Miss Rose Hunn, of this place, is largely in the fight. She may not be first, but she will show a creditable vote, and will evidently be awarded a handsome prize if she fails to get the capital.

An exciting game of baseball at Greensburg last Thursday afternoon. The contestants were - Columbia against Greensburg, and the game closed 2 for Greensburg and 1 for Columbia.

We learn from a member of the family that Mrs. John D. Lowe, who is in St. Anthony Hospital, Louisville, continues to improve, and her condition is satisfactory to the surgeon. We are further told that it will be two or three weeks before she will leave for home.

Mrs. Hattie Stapp, widow of the late Sam Stapp, writes us that her brother, Joseph L. Clark, who was seventy-eight years old, recently died in Parsons, Kansas. Mr. Clark had never visited Adair, but we understand that he was a man of affairs where he spent much of his life.

Born to the wife of T. A. Judd, Mangham, La., June 18th, 1922; a daughter—Julia.

Remember, and be at the Fair Grounds July 4th.

A Large Gathering.

Last Sunday not less than fifty persons, relatives and friends, took dinner at the elegant home of Mr. and Mrs. Ores Barger. It was the fifth anniversary of their little daughter, Sarah Rev. R. E. Stevenson, who is a Missionary in Mexico and his family were guests. Mr. Stevenson being a brother of Mrs. Barger, and the dinner was also given to do honor to him and his.

It was an elaborate affair, everything of the very best spread before the large assembly. Little Sarah's birthday cake was adorned with five small candles, and she was happy with other small children who had come in to do her honor. She received a number of nice presents.

The preparation of the dinner showed that the material that goes to make up palatable food had been in the hands of those who are skilled in culinary affairs. After dinner a few hours were spent in social converse, and when the hour came to separate all present gave evidence of the pleasure they had experienced in coming together for a day of delightful pleasure. There were present those who could talk of the days of "Auld Lang Sine," and many others were in the spring time of their lives.

More Wool.

I am in the market for 25,000 pounds of wool. I have just filled a contract for that amount, and I want all the wool you will bring in.

Sam Lewis.
343t

Held Without Bond.

Golden Bardin, who shot and killed John Henry Sneed at Bliss, late in the afternoon of June 9, was given an examining trial before Judge Jeffries, last Thursday. The defense was represented by Judge W. W. Jones, J. R. Garnett and W. A. Coffey; the Commonwealth by County Attorney Gordon Montgomery and L. C. Winfrey. There were quite a number of witnesses introduced on both sides, and at the conclusion of the testimony the case was submitted, without argument. The Judge held the accused without bond and the witnesses were recognized to appear before an Adair county grand jury which will convene the first Monday in July. The courtroom was crowded during the trial, showing unusual interest.

Porch Swings at

Dohoney & Dohoney.

A large crowd heard Rev. Carson Taylor, of Louisville, conduct a singing at the Baptist church last Sunday forenoon. He is a thorough musician and sings melodiously. Every body present was delighted. He rendered several old selections which brought memories of the long past. At night Rev. Taylor preached a very entertaining discourse to a large audience. He is fluent and very captivating in speaking.

Mr. S. D. Pierce, this county, was in Lebanon last Thursday night and witnessed the conferring of the Master Masons degree on the following, the work being put on by Past Grand Master, O. D. Thomas: B. W. Pierce, Sylvester Larrimore and Jesse Staten. He reports that the work was without error and exceedingly interesting.

Gala day in Columbia July 4th. The place of gathering will be the Fair Grounds. Racing, running and trotting, ball games, etc. The Campbellsville Brass band will make the music. Come early and stay all day if you want to enjoy the many events.

The Chautauqua started last Sunday with two entertainments. Our own Ed Diddle is the platform manager. There was a large attendance at both engagements.

All day singing at Egypt Sunday, July 2nd, by George Blair and others. Everybody come!

Result of the Examination.

Whole number of applicants 60. First grade certificates 7, as follows: May Simpson, E. D. Roberts, Eula B. Vaughan, Ollie Pike, Duell Gabbert, J. E. Pulliam, Noah Loy, Sr.

Second Grade certificates 15, as follows:

L. A. Powers, Ivan Cabbell, Docia Overstreet, Alice Montgomery, Jennie Shearer, Earl Blair, Mittle M. Bennett, Mary Triplett, Pauline Allyn, Henry Hancock, Rosa Bryant, Glyde W. Royse, Fred Harrison, Thelma Burton, Daisy McKinley.

Three applicants quit and 35 failed. Superintendent was assisted in holding the examination by Miss Maggie Cundiff and Mr. Arthur C. Wolford.

Examination for Common School Diploma, held May 12 and 13. Out of eleven applicants eight successfully passed and have been awarded Diplomas:

Bedella Judd, Elizabeth McAlister, Pauline Hammon, Mary Triplett, Karl W. Flowers, William Rowe Flowers, Annie Claycomb, Luther Foster.

The Campbellsville Band, one of the best amateur bands obtainable will entertain the crowd at the Columbia Fair Grounds on July 4th.

Come to the Meeting.

The tobacco growers of this county are hereby notified that there will be a big meeting in Columbia the first Monday in July. Every grower in the county is expected to be present; The name of the speaker will be announced next week.

New Rugs at

Dohoney & Dohoney.

Died in Florida.

Mrs. Alice Bailey, who was a sister of Mrs. Lou W. Atkins and Mrs. W. E. Todd, died in Pensacola Fla. last Thursday. She had been in bad health for some time. The deceased was known to quite a number of Columbians, she having lived here in the long past. She was a most excellent lady, and the intelligence of her death was heart rending to the two sisters here, who have the sympathy of this community in this dark hour of sorrow. She left a husband and four children.

For Sale.—A good work horse.
M. L. Mitchell, Columbia.

This week chauffeurs should be unusually particular. The chautauqua is on and many cars will be used going to and from the grounds. Especially should they be careful at the evening sessions. They should see that the lights on the machine are in perfect order. If due precaution is taken, accidents will be avoided. Cars should not attempt to pass each other unless the way is clear. Carelessness is the cause of nearly all accidents. A real careful chauffeur will attend strictly to his business.

You know,—and so does practically every man, woman and child in the World,—the fascinating story of "Rip Van Winkle." And so of course, it will interest you to learn that "Rip Van Winkle," has been made into an engaging motion picture by Director Ward Tascelle and will be shown at Paramount Theatre, Tuesday night, July 4th.

The Adair Post, No. 99, put on a very good show here last Wednesday night. The reels showed the pictures of the World War in France. The very good crowd that attended report that the scenes were well worth seeing.

Mr. N. M. Tutt is gradually growing stronger. He is better in many respects than he was before taken ill last week. He is going ahead with work at his new house and hopes to have it completed in a very short time.

Program.

Program of Group Gathering, composed of Pollard's Chapel, Cedar Grove, Milltown and Tarter's Chapel Union Sunday Schools to be held at Cedar Grove, third Sunday in July.

Song by class.
Devotional—Andrew Garrison.
Welcome Address—Alma Powells.
Welcome Song—Cedar Grove Primary Class.

Recitation—Tavia Hatcher.
Recitation—Corda Garrison.
Home Missions—Alvin Rosson.
Song by the Class.
Recitation—Decarda Johnson.
Recitation—Carrie Dudley.
Recitation—Elizabeth Thomas.
Solo—Mabel Pollard.

The Use of the Bible in the Adult class—Dick Shirley.

Song by the class.
Five Recitations by Milltown, Union Sunday School.

Drill by Cedar Grove Junior Class.
Song by the Class.

How to Interest Boys and Girls in the Sunday School—Mrs. J. C. Shirley.
Recitation—Parrie Blakeman.
Recitation—Earl Dixon.

NOON

Song by the Class.
Quartet by four boys and girls from Pollard Chapel.

Recitation—Nancy English.
The Story Telling Method of Teaching the Card Class—Mrs. Ed Hatcher.
Song by Young Peoples Class of Pollard Chapel.

Two Recitations from Tarter's Chapel.

Drill by Milltown Junior Class.
Benefit of a Sunday School in a community—V. Leftwich.

Recitation—Piner Rodgers.
Recitation—Flora Garrison.
Recitation—Lois Baker.

Solo—Tavia Hatcher.
The Sunday Schools Connection with the Church—Rev. Clarence Burdette.

Song by the Class.
Recitation—Lenas Sanders.
Recitation—Edna Thomas.
Address—Harlan Keltner.
Duet by two boys from Pollard's Chapel.

Recitation—Rosa Reynolds.
Recitation—Nora Karnes.
Recitation—Pearl Butler.

Why have an Evergreen Sunday?—Alma Powell.
Address—Aaron Rodgers.
Address—Aaron Rodgers.
Every one invited. Dinner on the ground.

Just Out. The latest thing in knif

L. E. Young.

Held Over.

Herschel Morgan was before Judge Jeffries, last Tuesday, to answer to an ugly charge preferred against him by Nannie Brown. The parties live in the Nelson Ridge section. At the close of the testimony the accused was held to await the action of the grand jury, his bail being fixed at one thousand dollars. It appeared from the testimony that Morgan was not the only guilty man, but he was the only one for whom a warrant was issued.

Columbia lost to Font Hill last Wednesday. The game was called at 3 o'clock on the Lindsey-Wilson campus and a small crowd was present. All the scores in the nine innings were made in the beginning. Columbia made 5 and when Font Hill went to the bat it made 5. Font Hill again scored and the game closed 6 to 5 for the visitors.

Mr. Martin Redman has sent to this office an ear of corn with 24 full rows. He says that he will pay \$5 to any man who will send to this office an ear of corn containing 23 or 25 rows.

Born, to the wife of Mont. Maupio, June 17, 1922, a daughter. Mother and infant doing well.

The News \$1.50 in KY.

The Big Muskeg

by VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Illustrations by R.H. Livingstone

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Looking over Big Muskeg, a seemingly impassable swamp in the path of the Mississibi railroad, Joe Bostock, builder of the line, and Wilton Carruthers, chief of engineers, are considering the difficulties. A rifle shot instantly kills Bostock and breaks Carruthers' arm. Handcapped as he is, Carruthers determines to carry the body to a station of the Hudson's Bay company, where one McDonald is the factor.

CHAPTER II.—McDonald's daughter, Molly, sees Carruthers struggling in the muskeg and drags him from the swamp with his burden. Unaccountably, her father objects to her saving Carruthers.

CHAPTER III.—Weakened by his wound and exertions, Carruthers is disturbed by the appearance of Tom Bowyer, Bostock's business rival and personal enemy. Bowyer insults Molly, and Carruthers strikes him. After Bowyer leaves, Carruthers declares his love for Molly. She promises to be his wife.

CHAPTER IV.—Carruthers has to reach the town of Clayton to attend a meeting at which Bostock's enemies plan to wrest control of the Mississibi from him. Molly determines to go with him.

CHAPTER V.—Attacked by his dogs, Carruthers' life is saved by Molly, who is forced to kill the animals. They set out on foot for Clayton, reaching it with Carruthers in an almost dying condition. He is in time to foil Bostock's enemies and keep control of the line for Mrs. Bostock.

CHAPTER VI.—Carruthers learns that Bostock has hypothecated five hundred shares of the Mississibi, jeopardizing his control of the line.

This was built substantially of logs, and had already been half completed. It consisted of four rooms and an out-kitchen, and stood at the edge of the new road near the ridge, about five hundred yards from the nearest bunk-house.

That afternoon he made his first examination of the Muskeg. He took soundings in several places, but the peat seemed bottomless. Nowhere could he reach rock bottom, except within a few feet of the shore.

The underlying bed of peat was everywhere. He went two or three miles up and down the stream without discovering any way of bridging the Muskeg.

He was too busy now to see Molly more than an hour daily, but he always went to the portage for a short visit after supper.

The factor, who had learned to expect his coming at the same hour each day, withdrew upstairs before he arrived. Once or twice, when they came face to face, he turned his head away in sullen anger.

As a prospective father-in-law, McDonald seemed about as hopeless a proposition as could be conceived, but the time to consider his own and Molly's future would not come until the line was on its feet. Big Muskeg was the giant in the way. Often Wilton, staring down at its sullen depths from the top of the ridge, would feel it as a personal enemy, defying him to overcome it.

One evening Wilton was sitting in his shack, utterly disconsolate. He had sounded nearly every possible place without result, and even Molly had failed to cheer him. He saw no alternative before him except to return to Clayton and confess himself beaten.

Andersen tapped at the door and said that a man wanted to see him. Wilton rose up and, to his surprise, admitted Lee Chambers.

The engineer was roughly dressed and wretched-looking. He told Wilton that he had tramped in from Cold Junction, thirty miles southwestward, the present terminal point of the New Northern.

"I thought maybe you would give me a job," he said. "I've left Mr. Bowyer for good. We had some trouble. He wanted me to make a crooked report, and I would not do it. I'm through with him and his dirty schemes."

Wilton gave him a chair and looked him over coldly. He did not like Chambers, and he suspected that he was lying, and that Bowyer had sent him to him for his own purposes.

Digby's disappearance had left him in a hole, but that hardly justified his talking on Lee Chambers, though he was one of the ablest of his profession in Manitoba.

"Well, Mr. Chambers," he said, "I'm carrying on my work here on the lines established by Mr. Bostock. Joe Bostock had two maxims. The first was: 'Never lay off a man if you can help it.' The second was: 'Never take on a man who's left you.' And to be quite frank—I feel about the same way. You left the Mississibi, which had treated you well, and we have reason to believe you gave useful information to Mr. Bowyer."

"I swear I didn't," shouted Chambers, springing to his feet. "Prove that, Mr. Carruthers!"

"I can't prove it," Wilton admitted. "I am giving you my personal feeling about yourself, in confidence."

"Well, it's a mighty poor sort of confidence," spluttered the engineer. "See here, Mr. Carruthers. I didn't come here to beg you for a job. I want one, and I can get one on any other line in

Manitoba. But I want to even things out a little with Tom Bowyer first. He's played me a dirty trick, and I don't take things lying down. I know what your problem is. I know you can't cross Big Muskeg. Suppose I show you, eh? How'd you feel about it then?"

Wilton's cool glance never wavered. "I'm willing to hear more on the subject, Mr. Chambers," he said.

"Right! Before you'd even started to clear the bush I was up here sounding every yard of Big Muskeg clear along both shores. And there's rock bottom within two miles of here. Does that interest you, Mr. Carruthers?"

"It does," said Wilton frankly. "If I show you—"

"I need an assistant, and you can have the position as long as you want it."

Lee Chambers grinned. "That's good enough for me," he said. "I'll hold it right along. There won't be any other road would have much use for me after Tom Bowyer finds out what I've done to him."

Wilton gave Chambers a bed in his shack. The next morning they started out to sound the muskeg. A little more than a mile north of the portage, where the river dwindled to a mere trickle between two lakes in summer, was an uninviting bed of peat, covered with rotten slush; it was one of the few spots where Wilton had not sounded.

"You'll get bottom here," said Chambers. He swept his arm upward. "You see, I've figured it out like this: Those ridges are limestone. But the foundation's granite. You've noticed that, of course. The granite was there first. The limestone was forced up later through the clefts by subterranean action. It filled up the holes and hollows and spread up above the granite till these bluffs were formed. But the granite hasn't shifted. Here's where the granite bed extends across the muskeg. The mud filled up the cleft and spread across the foundation. But the foundation's there. Try her out!"

Wilton got bottom after two or three attempts. As Chambers had said, here was the foundation for the permanent way—not the best conceivable, and one that would require considerable ballasting, but undeniably the only route possible.

The next day preparations were begun for cutting the new road from the camp. The weeks passed swiftly. With mid-April came the breaking up of the ice. The ground hardened, and the first team of horses struggled into camp, drawing its freight.

The end of April saw Kitty's house completed and the furniture installed, and the first day of May brought Kitty.

She had telephoned Wilton to expect her, and she came in a rig, with a cartload of trunks and packages behind. Within an hour she was ensconced snugly in the new cottage, with a camp cook detailed to look after her needs.



In Her Widow's Black She Looked Prettier Than Ever.

In her widow's black she looked prettier than ever, and absurdly young even to be married.

Wilton had supper with her, and all the while they sat together at the table his heart was almost too full for speech. He was dreaming of the future with Molly, a future in which Kitty shared. He pictured her happily married—for Joe would have wished that, and Wilton's loyalty to the dead man had nothing mawkish or sentimental in it.

Kitty tapped him on the arm, and he looked up to see her face in a charming smile, and mirth dancing in her blue eyes.

"What are you thinking of, Will?" she asked.

"Kitty," he said, evading her question, "I think you are the pluckiest woman in the world."

"Why, Wilton?"

"To come up here and put up with these hardships, just because of Joe."

She blushed faintly and lowered her eyes. "It was you who let me come, Will," she said.

"But you wanted to come because Joe would have liked it, Kitty. It's like you to hide your real feeling."

She laughed and made a little face at him. But after supper she grew serious as he spoke of the work and his success, about which he had written her.

Wilton asked her if she would walk over to the portage to see Molly.

"Tonight?" she asked doubtfully.

"Not if you're tired, Kitty."

"I thought you might be content to sit here and chat."

"I should be, Kitty. But I told her I was coming. And I said I had a surprise for her. Can't you imagine how pleased she'll be to see you?"

"Why, of course I'll come with you, Will," she answered.

And they strolled down side by side and made their way to the trading-store. They went in and, at the sound of their entrance, Molly came running downstairs, stopped short at the bottom and stared at Kitty as if she had seen a ghost. She put her hand to her heart with a sudden gesture of fear.

"Molly, this is the surprise I promised you," said Wilton. "What's the matter, dear? Did we startle you?"

Molly shook her head and came quickly forward, swallowing as if something was choking her. The women kissed each other. Then Wilton was aware that both were watching him.

All through the lively chat that followed he was conscious of that. He put the idea out of his mind with an effort, for he did not like subtleties of feeling that he could not understand. Yet there was a chilliness under the girls' chatter and laughter.

Presently Kitty said she was tired and must get back. Molly promised to come to see her as soon as possible.

Wilton and Kitty hardly spoke on the way home. When he left her at her door she turned to him and asked abruptly:

"Will, you are still as deeply in love with Molly as ever, aren't you?"

"Of course I am, Kitty," he answered.

"Then I am glad, for your sake and hers," answered Kitty, and went quickly into the house.

Wilton walked back to his shack, a little puzzled. He had arranged to show Kitty the progress of the work on the following morning; but when he called for her he found her in the midst of her unpacking, and she put it off until the afternoon. Wilton laughed, chided her and went to his work.

She kept him waiting till three o'clock, when they started. He felt the pride of the artist as he led Kitty from one place to another. Locomotives were snorting, and lines of ballast trucks occupied the narrow-gauge that had been laid down to the water's edge.

In the ballast pit, from which the screech of steam was heard from morn till night, the great, unwieldy steam-shovel scraped its huge steel teeth into the face of the cut with the crunch of an ogre's feast, and, turning, disgorged its plunder into the empty trucks alongside.

Kitty shuddered and pressed Wilton's arm. "It's like—it's like some living monster," she said. "Let's go on."

He led her toward the muskeg. But on the way he stopped suddenly beside the summit of the ridge.

"Kitty," he said, in a low voice, "I don't know if I ought to tell you—perhaps you'd like to know. This is where Joe—"

Her grasp upon his arm tightened convulsively. "No, no, Will!" she said hurriedly. "I don't want to see it. I can't bear to think of it."

They followed the line of ballast trucks along the narrow-gauge down to the swamp's edge. Construction upon the foundations was well under way. Tons of debris had been poured into the muskeg, and had simply spread themselves over the bottom, finding their level like water. Soundings taken had showed the bedrock hardly raised from its level twenty feet beneath the surface.

Wilton and Lee Chambers had therefore begun the construction of trestle-work. Teams hauled bundles of logs, bound with a chain, to the scene of operations. The uprights for the lower tier were driven into the ground, and the horizontal members and diagonals were nailed up, completing a crazy, shaking structure just strong enough to take a pair of metals at the top.

As they reached the edge of this structure the whistle blew. The workmen knocked off and came slowly past them toward the camp. Wilton and Kitty stood alone at the edge of the embankment, where the flimsy structure of the trestle began.

Kitty looked at Wilton breathlessly. "It's wonderful, Will!" she said. "It makes me feel so out of place and useless."

Wilton looked at her in surprise. "Why, how can you feel that way, Kitty?" he asked reproachfully. "You have been loyal to the core to Joe!"

"Don't say that!" she cried fiercely, and, turning swiftly from him, began to make her passage across the temporary sleepers. Twelve feet beneath them the sluggish stream forced its narrow channel through the muskeg. Wilton called to Kitty.

"You'd better come back," he shouted. "It isn't very secure, and you might lose your footing."

But she went on without heeding him, until she stood almost at the end of the shaking structure. It was a

dangerous place. The wind blew strongly, sending her skirts flying about her, and tumbling her hair upon her shoulders.

"Come back, Kitty!" called Wilton, making his way across the planks until he reached her side. He put out his hand to steady her. Then he saw that the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Why, Kitty, what is it?" he begged. "I didn't hurt you?"

She shook his hand from her arm with a violent gesture, leaning back; and suddenly she lost her stance and toppled from the edge of the trestle into the river below.

A plunge into that viscous water was more dangerous than a fall. Wilton realized it instinctively. He leaped first and found himself struggling in the gluey swamp, half mud, half water. Kitty, who had fallen into the center of the stream, appeared half a dozen feet away, her white face upturned, her hands catching for support as the shallow current carried her toward the lake.

Fighting madly, Wilton detached his limbs from the sucking mud and managed to grasp her skirt as she drifted past him. With a desperate effort he drew her to him and struggled through the yielding muskeg until he was able to catch an upright of the trestle-work.

He glanced at Kitty as he halted to catch his breath. She lay passive in his arms, her eyes closed; she seemed to have fainted, but she breathed easily, though quickly. Her dripping clothes clung to her tightly, and her fair hair streamed over her arms.

Then, plodding through the yielding swamp, he struggled on until he reached the shore. Kitty opened her eyes and fixed them upon his.

"Thank God, we're all right now!" said Wilton. "It was a near thing in that muskeg. You lie quiet and rest a little, and then we'll hurry back, and you must change your things quickly."

There was a quick catch of Kitty's breath. "Oh, Will, you are so blind!" she whispered. "Couldn't you see? Are you going to make me tell you, Will? Are you going to make me tell you that I love you?"

She put her arms about his neck, and her face on his shoulder. Wilton, dumfounded, hardly stirred; he did not know what to do.

"I'll tell you because I see I must," she whispered. "I've always loved you, Will. And I never cared for Joe."

The cry that broke from his lips held all the anguish of his disillusionment. His face grew scarlet. He tried to free himself, but she clung tightly to him.

"You've made me tell you, Will, and you must hear me now," she said. "I never cared for Joe—not in that way. He wanted me, and I thought I could learn to love him. I was happy with him, but what could he expect? He would have been old enough to have been my father. What right had he to marry me, ignorant as I was of love and of the world? I was happy with him—till I met you."

"I always loved you, Will, and it was my right to love you. It was you who built up in your mind all that about my loyalty to Joe. I cared for Joe in a way, but that was all. If I imagined all that you did, was I to blame for it? Sometimes you nearly drove me crazy with your talk about Joe, about his work, about my loyalty to him, when I was hungry for your love."

"I'm ashamed—God knows how I'm ashamed to tell you this. You made me, Will. While Joe lived I was true to him. I'm free, and you are free, and love cannot be bound. And I don't care a snap of my fingers for the Mississibi. I care for you. I'm shameless now, when I say this, but you should have seen—you should have known. What right had you to drone out your refrain of Joe, Joe, all the day to me, when my heart was crying out for you, and you would not hear it? I want your love, Will! I want you to love me, and to take me away from Manitoba, where I'll never hear of the Mississibi again—or Joe!"

Afterward it seemed to Wilton like a dreadful dream. Gently he put her



Gently He Put Her Arms From His Neck.

arms from his neck, and rose to his feet. And, because the nature of the man was of that simplicity that instinctively understands, it was not anger, but a deep pity that filled his heart.

"I'm sorry, Kitty," he said. "What you have told me makes an end of

much that I have planned and dreamed of. It takes the zest out of things. It was my fault. Let us go back."

She looked at him with white face, set lips and blazing eyes. She rose without a word, declining his hand, and without a word they went back along the cleared road in the twilight. He left her at her door.

He went to his shack and sat at his desk for a whole hour, his head resting heavily in his hands. All that he had given his life to seemed broken, his ideals outraged; his love for Molly was the lodestone of his life, but even love is not all a man has to live for.

After a long time he was aware of a low tapping at his door. He rose and opened it. Kitty stood there in the gathering darkness. She came a few steps into the office, and stopped.

"Will," she said in a low voice, "I want to ask you to forget. It was true what I told you—partly true. But I was overwrought and weak."

The heavy cloud that hung about him partly lifted. Wilton grasped at the hope she gave him as a man, convinced against his will, turns again to his accustomed habits of thought, and will not see.

"Kitty," he said, "I should have known. I was blind. I looked for perfection. I was to blame. Let us forget it all."

She answered in the same strained, monotonous voice. "I did love Joe," she said. "In a way, I did. As much as women mostly love their husbands. I gave him all the love that was his right. And I do care for the line. I want you to wipe all memory of this afternoon out of your mind. Try to think of me as you used to."

He took her hands in his. "It's all forgotten, Kitty," he said. "We won't think of it again."

But all that night his thoughts revolved about that dark spot in his mind, which he had barred off, as if it had been a prison.

CHAPTER VIII

Treachery.

When Kitty left the shack she went slowly toward her house. At the door she hesitated and then, as if with a sudden resolution, she made her way quickly in the direction of the portage.

There was a rig with two horses before the factor's door. Inside the door Tom Bowyer was standing, and Molly was in the back seat, white to the lips, and rigid. "I've given you your answer many times," said Molly.

Bowyer smiled. "No decision that was ever made can't be changed," he retorted. "Is it a crime to love you—to want to make you my wife?"

"No; but it is a crime to persecute me when you know you have no right to ask me at all."

Tom Bowyer, who had cultivated his rages until they had mastered him, could never refrain from falling into the bully's pose when he met opposition. He slammed his fist down fiercely on the counter.

"I'll change your answer, Molly!" he cried. "Before I leave this store tonight, I'll have you at my feet, for all your pride. D—n it, it's your pride I want as much as you. I want to humble you, because there's never been man or woman I couldn't tame sooner or later. I'm making you an honorable proposal. Your father's a dying man. Anyone can see that. I want you, and I want to take care of him for your sake, the rest of his days. I ask you to be my wife, to come to Cold Junction with me and marry me. D'you suppose he could hold his job here another day if the company knew he's paralyzed? I'll drive him from the portage unless you marry me and let him take his pension and live with us."

"I tell you 'no' again!" cried Molly. "How many times am I to answer you? Will you go now?"

He caught her by the wrists, thrusting his face forward into hers. She screamed in fear, and they heard the dragging footsteps of the factor in his room above. The old man felt his way slowly down the stairs and edged along the counter. There was fear in his sunken eyes; but it was anger made him tremble.

"Ye go too far, Mr. Bowyer!" he quavered. "Ye canna insult my girl in my own house!"

"Get back to bed, you old fool!" sneered Bowyer. "Didn't you do your own love-making?"

"If she wanna have ye I wanna sell her! Leave the house and do your worst!"

"If I do," answered Bowyer, "I'll do it. D'you mean that? Answer me, McDonald!"

The factor sank back against the counter and glared at him with haggard eyes, his gray beard brushing his breast. Bowyer smiled triumphantly. "Speak for me, McDonald," he jeered. "Tell her why she'd better change her mind."

The factor raised his head. "Molly, lass," he whimpered, "it's a grand opportunity he's offering ye. Have ye no thocht of that? It'll be a bame for ye in my old age, when I canna care for ye."

Molly fixed her eyes in horror upon McDonald. But Bowyer strode between them.

"You're a fine love-maker!" he sneered. "Get out of the way!"

And, inflamed almost to madness, he seized Molly in his arms and pressed his lips to her cheek and throat again and again.

"I guess you're not so coy as you pretend, Molly," he cried. "You women are all alike, after all. I never knew one yet that wasn't in a hurry to get hitched up, however much she pretended to dislike it."

The opening of the door behind him made him start. Kitty stood there, and it was quite clear that she had been a spectator of the scene. With a stran-

gled cry Molly broke from Bowyer's grasp and ran into her room. She dragged her bed against the door and stood behind it, sobbing with terror and anger. The factor leaned against the counter, a look of dull apathy on his face. Bowyer turned sheepishly to Kitty.

"Well, I guess you caught me this time, Mrs. Bostock," he said. "But, being a woman, you'll understand."

Kitty's disgust for Bowyer held her silent. She made the slightest gesture of her head to him and went out of the store. Bowyer followed her.

"What does it mean?" asked Kitty. "It means that I want Molly McDonald, and I've never wanted any man or woman yet that I didn't get," said Bowyer. "Make the most of it," he blustered. "I've as much right as Carruthers, haven't I?"

"No," said Kitty. "Why haven't I?"

"Mr. Carruthers was first. They are engaged."

"What's to stop her breaking it?"

As his agitation subsided, Bowyer, a keen judge, noticed that Kitty's pose was unnatural; she seemed laboring under some suppressed emotion. He looked quickly into her eyes and saw that she had been crying. And then he knew.

A slow smile spread over his face. Kitty Bostock had not made Big Muskeg her home so long out of devotion to the memory of Joe.

With a deliberated impulse Bowyer put out his hand and took hers.

"I want two things, Mrs. Bostock," he said. "Molly McDonald, and the Mississibi. How many do you want?" He looked at her still more keenly. "One?"

Kitty said nothing, but there was the slightest nod of her head in answer.

"It's a shame, Mrs. Bostock, that you should have to lose all Joe's money in that ten-cent line," said Bowyer. He was quite at his ease now, feeling himself in his accustomed element of intrigue. "Even if it could be built, it wouldn't pay. And if it did pay I'd take it myself. I want it, anyway. Not that I'd hurt you, if I could help it, Mrs. Bostock; but I've got my interests to look out for."

"Well?" asked Kitty, breathing quickly.

"By the end of the year your shares will be worth nothing. You'll be ruined. It will be impossible to raise the capital to keep the line, either. It's a shame that Carruthers should waste his time and strength trying to carry out an impossible dream. If you could sell your shares at par when the note falls due, you could pull out, and you and he could make a sensible investment. He'd soon get over the disappointment. You could see to that."

He could not hide the flicker of a smile. Kitty saw it, and loathed Bowyer the more. She knew he was playing on her hopes, and yet the sudden vision made her heart beat furiously.

"I'm going to marry Molly," he continued. "I swear that I possess the power to make her my wife. But I want the line in return. I want to see some of Joe's papers. They're yours, and you can let me see them without doing wrong, and you'll be helping Carruthers indirectly. They're in his safe. You know the combination."

"I'll marry her this fall. You can trust me, Mrs. Bostock, because you oversaw just how I feel about her."

Kitty tapped softly at the door of Molly's room. "He's gone, dear," she whispered. "Let me come in to you."

The bedstead was dragged back. Molly stood before her, white-faced and tense. Kitty put her arm round her and sat down on the bed beside her.

"Tom Bowyer's a beast, Molly," she said. "But most men are. If you give them the least bit of encouragement—"

"I never encouraged him!" cried Molly, sobbing violently. "I've always hated the sight of him. He has some power over father."

"He seems very fond of you," suggested Kitty.

"Do you call that fondness? I hate him. I hate the sight of him."

Kitty stroked her cheek softly. "You haven't met very many men, dear. Love doesn't amount to very much. And it doesn't last very long. I was quite happy with Joe, after the first month or two."

Molly looked at her in wonder. "Why, I thought you and Joe loved each other!" she exclaimed.

"I admired Joe and respected him. And then, there was not the dreadful specter of poverty with him. Joe was a man like Will Carruthers, he'd keep his word, no matter at what cost."

Molly sprang to her feet. "What are you hinting at?" she cried hysterically. "What word is Will keeping? Do you mean his promise to me?"

Kitty drew her down beside her. "Can't you see, Molly, dear—Heaven knows how I hate hurting you, but I'm thinking of your happiness as well as Will's—can't you see that it was only a passing episode to him, this engagement?"

Molly sat perfectly silent, fixing her eyes on Kitty's face.

"If he had meant it, wouldn't he have written oftener from Clayton?"

"How long was he ill, then?" cried Molly.

"He was in bed a few days after you left. Of course, he couldn't resume his work till his arm had healed, but he wasn't what you could call ill. At least, he went to the directors'

A Good Woman Gone

The death angel has again visited our midst and taken from us one of our loveliest women, Mrs. S. J. Collins, who passed away at her home about 3 o'clock Sunday morning May 28. This dear woman had often prayed that she might be taken quickly and quietly when the end came and God answered her prayer for she only lived a few hours after taken ill, though she had been a sufferer two years or more with attacks of heart trouble and about midnight Saturday night she awoke the family with her heart. Dr. Wooden was called but the end came so sudden little or nothing could be done. Mrs. Collins has always been a very retired, unassuming woman who loved her home and children, never tiring of administering to their wants, and in turn she was the idol of those children, a woman who to know was to love.

Charlotte J. Allison was born in Kentucky May 6th, 1856: was married to Samuel J. Collins May 4th, 1879.

To this union were born seven children, namely, Frank Tommie, Mont, Anna, Antha, Jimmie, and Sammie passed on before to welcome the mother at the landing.

The husband died in 1905, Mrs. Collins, with six children came to Missouri in the fall of 1907 and settled in Bogard where she died May 28th 1922, aged 65 years 9 months and 22 days. In the language of the Bible, she was a good woman and will be missed by all who knew her, none so much as the children. She watched over and cared for them while young and tender. How they will miss her. How secure they felt when she was near, can they forget her? No, a thousand times no! As the years pass we yearn for a mother's love, so deep, so true, when we struggle with a hard, uncaring world. We long for her tender smile, her words of cheer, her love! O! the tenderness, nothing to compare to it. We can never forget her caress. The touch that soothed our aching heart we never can forget. She has gone where there is no night. "She resteth now, no more her breast

Heaves with its weary breath— Pain sits no longer on the brow Where lies the calm of death; Sunk to her rest like a tired child; She lies in slumber deep, Soft folded in the arms of Him Who giveth His beloved sleep, Rest for the toiling hand. Rest for anxious brow, Rest for the weary, wayworn feet. Rest from all labor now."

The funeral services were held at the Methodist church Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock, conducted by Rev. Capp, assisted by Rev. Matthews. Burial in Mt. Zion cemetery.—Bogard, Mo., Paper.

It is better to be a poor talker than to be a good one and overdo it.

The man of great wealth is to be pitted. He is never sure of his friends.

Don't rock the boat unless you know how to swim. The other fellow doesn't count.

The world is full of good people but many are unable to tell us from the common herd.

Borrowing trouble is the easiest thing in the world. There are so many who want to get rid of it,

Defies Circuit Judge.

London, Ky.,— On orders from Judge Hiram Johnson to bring into court Frank Helton and his followers, Sheriff J. E. Stringer and a posse have spent the last two days and nights in the wilds around Rock Castle Springs. At the February term of court Helton, the alleged leader of a lawless gang, was given 13 jail sentences for contempt of court, but escaped while working on the road near London.

He has since been at large, sending messages of defiance to the court officers declaring he would kill any one who attempted to arrest him.

Recently Sheriff Stringer returned with Dora Reedy, Myrtle Whittaker and Hirman Wells and placed them in jail. It is said they are members of Helton's gang and had notified him of the approach of the officers.

Helton's home was raided and four heavy guns and more than 100 rounds of ammunition were brought to London. He is hiding in the Rock Castle river cliffs, heavily armed.

Sheriff Stringer has returned to the vicinity of Rock Castle Springs with additional deputies armed with high powered rifles and having orders from Judge Johnson to stay till Helton is captured.

May Make the Race Against W. J. Field.

Lexington, Ky., June 8.—Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, of Morehead, Ky., originator of the "moonlight schools" of Kentucky, and for a number of years chairman of the illiteracy commission, is being urged by her friends to enter the race for the Democratic nomination for Congress from the Ninth district, in opposition to William J. Fields, the incumbent, according to the current issue of the Pineville Herald, and is said to have the matter under serious consideration.

Should Mrs. Stewart desire to enter the race, it would make a three cornered fight for the nomination as Congressman Field has indicated he would like to succeed himself, and H. C. Duffy, of Harrison county, former speaker of the lower House of the Kentucky Legislature is already an announced candidate. As the district is considered Democratic the nomination might be equivalent to an election.

Divided Against Itself

Smith W. Brookheart nominated for United States Senator by the Republicans of Iowa, is something more than a Progressive. Beveridge and Pinchot are Progressives, but Brookheart is a radical. He favors railroad legislation that would deprive the railroad of profits, and he frankly says he favors this in order to bring about government ownership. And he favors control of the Federal Reserve Board by "producers," which is only another way of putting his intense opposition to the professional bankers.

On the whole, this Iowa primary is more significant than the Indiana and Pennsylvania primaries. East of the Mississippi Progressives smash Old Guard candidates in Republican primaries, but on the other side of the river advanced radicals

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are getting into the saddle inside the party of conservatism.

How far the tide is to run no one can say, but of one thing be no doubt. If the Democratic party will adhere to true Democratic principles, the day is not far distant when it can defeat a party torn between radicalism and conservatism. — Louisville Post.

Down With The Speeders.

With summer upon us again and automobile traffic on the increase the spotlight of pitiless publicity should be turned with full force upon the speed maniac—the most dangerous of all irresponsible animals.

Fortunately they are not so numerous as they were. Heavy fines and jail sentences have checked a portion of this ruthless terror.

But even one is too many to be left at large.

Not since the early days of Indian butcheries has there been such a menace to public safety.

Time and superior force have eliminated the Indian as a menace.

The speeders turn comes next, and action should be swift and with no greater mercy than he shows to his helpless victims. — Lancaster Record.

With The Paragraphers.

Flappers should remember that flowers which run wild soon go to seed. — Washington Post.

Germany assures Russia that the two nations are brothers. So were the James Boys.—New York Tribune.

"John D. says in an interview that the financial outlook is very bright." And immediately the price of gas went up.—Columbus Record.

Of course Job had his troubles, but the doctors at least refrained from alarming him over his low blood pressure.—Galveston News

Odd Suicides.

Swallowing opium, match heads gold rings and earrings are favorite methods with the Chinese for committing suicide. According to the seventy-fifth annual report of the Chinese hospital for 1921, two hundred and twenty-nine women and seventy-three men were treated for attempting suicide by swallowing opium; one hundred and thirty women and thirty-five men who attempted suicide by swallowing match heads, and one hundred and twenty-five women and fifteen men who sought death by swallowing gold rings and earrings.

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Adair County News

Published On Tuesdays
At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, Man

A Democratic Newspaper devoted to the interest of the city of Columbia and the People of Adair and adjoining Counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class matter.

TUESDAY JUN. 20 1922.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
In Kentucky..... \$1.50
Out of Kentucky..... \$2.00
All Subscriptions are due and Payable in Advance.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR JUDGE, COURT OF APPEALS.

We are authorized to announce Judge D. A. McCandless a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, Third District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that H. L. James, of Elizabethtown, Hardin county, is a Democratic candidate for Appellate Judge in this the Third District, subject to the August primary.

FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce that Ralph Gilbert, of Shelby county, our present Congressman from the Eighth district, is a candidate for re-election, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Fail to register and do your crying after the November election.

A move to end the coal strike is now on, and it is believed that it will be successful.

If you want to vote in November, you must register July 10 and 11.

Congressman Ogden, of Louisville district, who is a Republican has announced that he will not be a candidate for re-election. He prefers to practice law in his home city.

A terribly destructive hurricane in New York Bay, last Sunday week, killed forty or fifty persons and did great damage to property. Hundreds of people were out boat riding.

After registration days we can tell how large ones party's majority will be in November over the other one. If you do not register in July you cannot vote in November. See the importance of registering?

The State Bank at Junction City, Ky., has voluntarily turned over its affairs to the State Banking Department for liquidation. It had a capital of \$15,000, deposits, \$56,000 and loans \$96,000. It is believed that the depositors will be paid in full.

Republican leaders from every section in Kentucky met in Louisville last Wednesday for the purpose of perfecting arrangements to get out the full vote of that party registration days July 10 and 11.

If you are a Democrat and want the principles of that party perpetuated, you will register. Every Democratic woman in Adair county should visit her voting place and register on July 10 and 11. No one can vote in November who fails to register.

Andrew J. Volstead, the author of the prohibition enforcement law, is a candidate for re-election to Congress, from Minnesota. It is said that he will have a hard fight to be elected. He was defeated in his last race, but got in on account of a technicality. Volstead has his friends in his own party and also has many enemies.

A letter from Hon. Ralph Gilbert received last Tuesday, states that he will leave Washington at once for this district and will do everything in his power to assist in waking up the Democrats for registration days. He says that he is very busy at Washington and may be recalled at any time. He wants his friends to get busy and see that the vote is out on registration days. Remember that no voter can cast his or her suffrage without registering.

The Somerset Commonwealth, a Republican paper, in speaking of Judge B. J. Bethurum's probable candidacy for the Republican nomination for Appellate Judge in this the third District, says: "If Bethurum should be nominated and elected the district would be fortunate in having a Judge who would continue the reputation of Judge Rollin Hurt who has made the best Judge the district ever had."

In to-day's News Hon. Ralph Gilbert, our present Congressman, announces for re-election, subject to the action of the Democratic party. He has made such a creditable record as a Representative, he will have no opposition for re-election from his own party. In fact we can not call to mind a man who made a more enviable reputation at Washington than has Mr. Gilbert. The entire delegation from Kentucky has the utmost confidence in his ability. He is serving on some of the most important committees and he is a busy man, night and day. He is very anxious that every Democrat in Adair county register on the 10th and 11th of July. It is the only way that a voter can exercise the right of suffrage. If you fail to register on either of the above named dates you can not vote at the November election. Therefore, let every man who is a Democrat, and who wants to endorse Mr. Gilbert's record in Congress, be at the polls on registration days. It is proper and right that our present Congressman have no opposition in his own ranks for re-nomination, and we feel sure that he will not have. A Representative who has the ability and the energy to do work should not be removed. From expressions heard in Adair county, in fact, from all over the district, the Democrats are enthusiastically for Mr. Gilbert.

The location of the Eastern Normal has created quite a stir in Kentucky. Some papers go so far as to state that the committee to select a town for a site, is playing politics and not looking for availability. Judge O'rear, who is Chairman of the committee, has been punched under the ribs and claims that he has been unjustly criticized. Catlettsburg and Ashland withdrew from the contest because the proceedings looked crooked to them, but an explanation has caused them to re-enter the fight. At this time it looks a little favorable for

them. Morehead, who thought she had the school, is not accessible.

Judge Hiram Johnson, of Laurel-Jackson District, stated before an assembly at Pineville a few days ago, that rotten officials crooked lawyers and vacillating jurors were the curse of the land and the first causes to correct in the fight on lawlessness. He classes vacillating jurors as outlaws. He stated that he was at war on the rottenness in his district, and advocated the statutory fine and disbarment of any official who neglects his duty, even one time. Judge has the right kind of melt, and he is rapidly thinning the pistol packers and liquor vendors in the mountains.

From West Virginia.

Huntington, June, 6, 12, 22
Editor of the news;

I am now located in Huntington and would be glad if you would change my address on your mailing list from Sprigg, W. Va. to 510 Fifth Ave., Huntington, W. Va.

The last issue I received was May 30. Would it be asking too much of you to send me the two issues since that date if you have copies of same. There is a good serial being printed in your paper which I have started reading and I do not wish to miss these two issues.

Huntington is a very much more pleasant place to live than Sprigg, my former location, and would be a pleasanter place to work, were it not for the fact that we are so overrushed with work. The company I have been working for namely the Kentucky & West Virginia Power Co., has recently been purchased by the American Gas & Electric Co. of New York, and the Main Accounting office of this company has been moved from Philadelphia to Huntington, and I have been sent to the main office as General Bookkeeper.

The extra amount of work resulting from a change in our accounting system at this place and our three district offices has flooded us with work until at present we are about 30 days behind.

The present Mayor of Huntington maintains what we call a "closed Sunday" all the way thru. Nothing whatever is supposed to be sold on Sunday except absolute necessities which in this instance include food and medicine. The sale of coal drinks, gasoline, except at restaurants, and all the so-called luxuries, is prohibited. I must tell you an incident of my first Sunday in Huntington. We had been out for a walk and returned rather warm and dry. We entered a drugstore and called for ice cream. The store keeper told us he didn't know whether he could sell us any or not but he would see. So he went to the front door to look for a cop. None of these being in sight he came back and told us we might have some ice cream but we would have to eat it in the back room.

We entered the back room, a dirty little room with shelves full of bottles covered with last years dust. We were served to cream on a shelf a little more than waist high, while the store keeper watched for a cop. More than once we caught ourselves pawing the air with one foot as if trying to locate a certain shiny rail long ago famous but which lost its usefulness July 1, 1919. We

came out of the store with a guilty conscience, feeling like the city's worst lawbreakers. There has since been a city election here, the main issue being open town vs. closed town. The open town forces won and the celebration that night was rather elaborate. I will close with best wishes for you and the paper.

Very truly yours,
Bryan Garnett.

Cane Valley.

It is too oppressively hot for a reporter to run around and gather news items especially when they are hard to find. A quiet community like Cane Valley, every body looking after his own business, no time is found to kick up trouble to be put in print for a waiting public. Notwithstanding the dullness of the times and the scarcity of money Cane Valley must be represented in the Adair County News.

At this time there are no serious cases of sickness in our community, and lovers of early garden truck, have commenced to fatten on snap beans and new potatoes. Our gardeners boast of an abundance of early vegetables, and bacon for seasoning is in demand.

We have had lots of frying chickens, so many that a delicious dish of fryers has become common.

Mrs. Short Moore, Hamilton Ohio, who is victim of a cancer, is in a very critical condition, so members of her family write.



Newest Styles Better Values

IN

Ladies, Gents and Childrens Footwear,

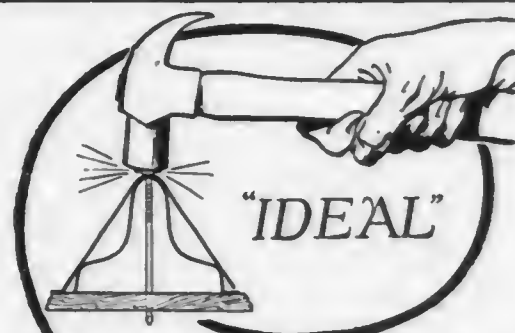
Also

Latest Creations in

Dress Goods, Notions and Novel-
ties, Hats, Caps, Etc.

Carpets, Rugs and Furniture.

DOHONEY & DOHONEY.



Improved

METAL ROOFING

Applied Without Using Sticks

Here is a Roofing you can apply without trouble. All you need is a hammer and some nails. No sticks to buy or bother with. No water leaks to fear—it's guaranteed. And above all, the Total Cost of "IDEAL" on your roof is LESS than any other Metal Roofing.

General Distributors

H. C. GOWEN & SON,
Donansburg, Ky.

Mrs. Moore is a daughter of Mr W. N. Smith, this place.

The largest acreage of tobacco ever set in the Cane Valley community is out, and the plants are looking in a thrifty condition.

Wheat is all in the shock and it is much better than usual. In ten or twelve days the whistle of the thresher will be heard. The apple crop is fine in this locality. There will be an abundance of peaches. The early June peaches were extra good.

Some of our people, who cultivate bees, have taken quite a lot of honey, and it is of the finest quality.

Mr. Mont Harmon and family, who lived in the Mt. Pleasant

community, passed through our town last Thursday en route for Camp Taylor where they will reside.

At Belfast 19 buildings were burned Saturday and twenty-seven Catholics murdered.

The Supreme Court has decided that professional baseball is not inter-state Commerce.

The Louisville Street Railway is unwilling to consider a six fare as a compromise.

Herman Monroe, of Louisville, was Saturday elected secretary of the Federal Land Bank.

Lloyd George says he is a tired man on a mountain top; but he may just be up in a tree.

Wanted At Once

First Class Plumbers, with Tools. Permanent work. Wire, will refund transportation to Efficient men. Master Plumbers Association, Fourth and Liberty, Louisville, Kentucky.

WANTED

Grey Squirrels, 50c Each, W. S. Hodgen, Campbellsville, Ky.

Campbellsville Hotel

M. J. TUCKER, PROP.
Formerly of Adair County.
Lodging 50c. Meals 50c.
Cor. Main & Depot Sts.
CAMPBELLSVILLE, KY.

K. S. LESTER

DENTIST
Jamestown, - Kentucky.

PERSONAL

Rev. J. P. Scruggs, of Franklin, spent a few hours in Columbia while en route for Gradyville.

Judge W. S. Sinclair, who is engaged at Loretta, was here with his family, the first of the week.

Mr. Edward Hamlett left Saturday morning for a two week's visit in Frankfort.

Master Morris Bauldauf, of Louisville, is visiting his grandparents. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lewis, in Columbia.

Dr. J. N. Murrell made a business trip to Louisville last Thursday.

Mrs. Carrie Grissom was quite sick the first week.

Mr. Irvin Fraser is on a business trip to Ashland.

Mr. Ralph Hurt and Miss Amella Dameron and Miss Anna Mildred Chandler attended a social function at Campbellsville last Thursday night.

Messrs Owen Galus and Robt. Bowen, Campbellsville, were here last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Taylor spent a day or two in Campbellsville last week. They were accompanied home by Miss Mary Taylor, of Greensburg, who is a sister of Herbert Taylor, and who will spend this week in Columbia.

Rev. R. E. Stevenson, wife and three children, El Paso, Texas, and Mrs. J. B. Grider and two children of same city, arrived last Thursday night. The former will visit here and the latter to visit relatives in Russell county. Rev. Stevenson is a brother of G. M., O. M. Stevenson this community. Mrs. Ores Barger is his sister.

Miss Ruth Stapp, one of Adair's best teachers, who spent the last school year at Pikeville, returned to her home last week. En route she visited at Falmouth and Frankfort.

Miss Bonnie Judd, who is now at home, will leave for Berea College, to take a ten week's course, in a few days.

Mrs. R. C. Ballah and little son, Richard, of Childers, Texas, are visiting in Columbia. Before her marriage, Mrs. Ballah was Miss Annie Faulkner, and she was reared in this place. She is a niece of Mrs. J. A. Young and Miss Ola Wilson.

Mr. W. E. Bradshaw and wife, Louisville, were here Saturday morning, en route to Montpelier.

Mr. E. B. Barger reached home last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. J. F. Montgomery, Mr. W. A. Coffey and Mr. L. C. Winfrey, of the Columbia bar, are attending the Russell circuit court.

Mr. Elmer Keene, wife and daughter, visited in Louisville last week.

Miss Sallie Stewart had a heart attack last Saturday morning, and for awhile her case was alarming. She is now better.

Miss Ruth Hynes, who taught in Virginia, returned home last Thursday, stopping in Danville for the graduating exercises in Center.

Mr. J. Mack Frazer, of Danville, has been with relatives here for a few days.

Messrs. W. B. [Patterson and L. B. Hurt] made a business trip to Lebanon one day last week.

Mr. Chas. J. Pogue, well-known oil operator in Birmingham, Ala., was in town Sunday, en route to Creelsboro where he expects to begin drilling on the Williams farm, adjoining the Campbell Bros., at once.

Mr. E. T. Kemper passed through Columbia Sunday en route to Burksville where he will begin drilling in a short time.

Dr. and Mrs. S. P. Miller, Mr. Otha and Miss Susan Miller attended the funeral of Dr. Guy. Dunbar. Rowena, last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Williams, Cave City, are visiting relatives here.

Miss Ruth Miller, Crocus, is visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. J. R. Garnett will leave for the Russell Circuit court this afternoon.

Mr. W. D. Jones, son-in-law of Judge H. C. Baker, arrived one day last week. Judge Baker is thought to be better.

Frances Carpenter, of Georgia, a nephew of Mrs. J. O. Russell, and Mrs. R. V. Bennett is visiting in Columbia.

Dr. Kenneth Hutcherson, his sister, Miss Elizabeth, and Miss Ruth Lyon, the former of Glasgow, the latter of Campbellsville, stopped a few minutes at the News office last Tuesday afternoon, en route to Glasgow, from Campbellsville, where they witnessed the Sanders-Lyon wedding.

Mrs. Fred Hill returned from Greenville last week.

Mr. W. T. Ottley and his son, John, and Mrs. James Keene, of Burksville, were here for a few hours last Tuesday. Mr. Ottley informed us that he had purchased from Mr. E. L. Sinclair, the printing plant which was removed from Columbia to Burksville by Mr. Knipp. Mr. Ottley says he will make an effort to please the people of Cumberland county by furnishing them a live paper weekly. The News extends its best wishes.

Mr. B. H. Hubbard, of Lexington, was in Columbia a few days ago.

Mr. J. P. Conn, of Louisville, made a business trip to this place a few days since.

Mr. G. W. Whitlock, Campbellsville, met the grocerymen of Columbia a few days since.

Mr. Jo Sandusky, wife and children, Harrodsburg, visited relatives and friends in Columbia last week.

Mr. J. R. Garnett went to Liberty, professionally, last week. Mr. Ira Hutchinson went with him.

Mrs. W. A. Hynes and her daughter, Miss Margaret, attended the graduating exercises in Center College, Danville. Mrs. Hynes son, Strother, was one of the class.

Mr. Sam Bottom, who is interested in pooling tobacco, was here a few days ago, from Campbellsville.

Miss Frances Conover, who has been teaching in West Virginia, has returned home for the summer.

Mr. Ward Denton made a business trip to Burksville last Tuesday. He was accompanied by Sanford Strange, who went to see his grandmother.

Mr. W. P. Nunnally, the popular drug man of Louisville, was here a few days since.

Mr. Frank Dillon, Breeding, spent a day in Columbia recently.

Mr. A. E. Hart, traveling salesman, was at the Jeffries Hotel recently.

Mr. R. A. Beath, Louisville, traveling salesman, called upon Columbia merchant's a few days ago.

Mr. Byron Montgomery, who has been in the revenue service, for more than fifteen years, and during that time has almost constantly been on duty, due in a great measure to his efficiency and attentiveness to duty, is now taking a short vacation of two or three weeks. It certainly gives him and his wife and little daughter much pleasure for him to be at home even for that short a time.

Mr. Johnston T. Price, Campbellsville, father-in-law of Mr. Clel Tarter, spent a day or two last week in Columbia.

Prof. W. B. Walker, of Glenville, was in Columbia Wednesday morning, en route for Campton, Ky., where he

has been teaching for several years. This is a special trip. His school will not open until September.

Mrs. C. H. Sandusky and her daughter, Edie, and son, Henry, are visiting in St. Louis.

Miss Beas Hunn, of this place, and Mr. Herman Spurling, of Campbellsville, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hancock, at their home on Campbellsville pike.

Mrs. Bruce Montgomery and little daughter, Elizabeth, have returned from Van Lear, Ky.

Mrs. W. L. Baker, of Monticello, accompanied her husband, Mr. W. L. Baker, to Columbia.

Miss Thomasine Garnett left for Berea College Thursday morning and will take a six week's course in that institution.

Mr. Albia Eubank made a trip to Louisville and Frankfort last week.

Mr. Lewis Coffey, who is a student in Berea College, reached home a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter A. Strange, Misses Louise Rowe and Traves Louthrback, of Frederick, Okla., arrived last Tuesday afternoon. They came all the way in Mr. Strange's car. Mr. Strange will return in ten days, probably, the other members of the party will remain five or six weeks, or longer. This community and the Rowe family and the Montgomery family will see that they all have a joyful time while here.

More Light and better light.

Use
Radium Kerosene.
Joe Hurt
Gulf Refining Co.

Rev. I. T. Stovall of Highway, Ky., will fill his regular appointment June 24th and 25th at the Creelsboro church of the Nazarene.

Many Adair county farmers were in the harvest field all of last week. They report wheat extra good, more than an average yield.

The homestead that was the property of Sid Caldwell, in his lifetime, was recently damaged by a storm. A part of the roof was removed. An insurance agent has been here to adjust the loss.

Lisie Baker, of color, who killed Jack Barger in the suburbs of Columbia and was sent to the penitentiary from six and a half to fifteen years, was paroled last week, arriving here last Thursday. Mr. John B. Coffey signed his parole and agreed to give him employment as is required by law.

More Power, More Miles
Use
That Good Gulf Gasoline.
Joe Hurt,
Gulf Refining Co.

Coburg.

The farmers are very busy cutting wheat.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Farris and son also Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Whitney spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Farris and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Squires, Mrs. Nannie Biggs, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Whitney and daughter were the pleasant guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Morris Sunday.

Born to the wife of W. G. Whitney on June 13th a daughter known as Ruby Corine. Mother and baby are doing well while Dad is all smiles.

Miss Mollie Morris made a business trip to Louisville last week.

Miss Audrey Farris called on Miss Bessie Cofer last Monday afternoon.

Mrs. J. W. Russell and son Bingham spent last Sunday with the formers daughter Mrs. W. T. Russell.

Virtue wins its own reward, but it often requires a microscope to find it.

SPRING and SUMMER GOODS

We have just received a New Stock of Mens Clothing, Shoes, Shirts, Underwear, Ties, &c., which we are offering at reduced prices.

LADIES MILLINERY

Consisting of a Large Stock of Pattern Hats at various prices.

LADIES FURNISHINGS

Coat Suits, Dresses in Silks, Canton Crepes, Crepe DeChene, Gingham, Percals, &c. Ladies Underwear, Hosiery from the finest Silks down. Oxfords, Neck Wear, &c.

Come and Look our Stocks of Goods Over

RUSSELL & CO.

Worthmore Overalls

"Best Made Overall in the World"

Ask Your Dealer Why

Gadberry.

Quite a lot of our farmers are cutting their wheat.

Grace, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Bennett, is very sick at this writing.

Mrs. Ethel Frankum is no better at this writing.

Miss Grace Darnell visited Mrs. Pearl Gadberry, Sunday.

Mrs. Susie Bays, who was Miss Susie Gadberry before her marriage, has returned from Nebraska, to her old home, after an absence of 19 years.

Miss Ida Gadberry is visiting her brothers in Green County.

Misses Amanda Morrison, of Bliss, and Miss Blanche Bailey, of Ozark, spent the night with Miss Ida Gadberry last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanas Sharp spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Mont Darnell, at Glensfork, last Sunday.

The party was largely attended at Mr. R. T. Gadberry's, Saturday night.

Mrs. Pearl Gadberry is right sick at present.

Mr. Joel Darnell bought of our Irie Roe one hog for \$11.

Mr. and Mrs. Edd Bennett visited Mr. and Mrs. James Frankum last Sunday.

Last Saturday, June 10, the friends and neighbors met at the home of Mr. R. T. Gadberry it being the 19th birthday of Miss Ida, surprised her by setting her a nice dinner with every thing that was good to eat. The table was set on the lawn and there were 64 present. Mr. and Mrs. Boss Loy visited Mr. and Mrs. Joel Darnell last Thursday night.

Tennessee Men Told of Success of Burley Pool.

Lexington Ky., June 12.—Coming to Lexington with the intention of remaining in the Bluegrass until Tuesday the Delegation of farmers and business men from Robertson county, Tennessee, which arrived Friday night to obtain first hand infor-



You will also find our Limonette, Orange Julip, Grape-Whip, Strawberry, Ginger Ale, Cream Soda and Cherry. Quality Products.

If you want drinks for a Picnic or any Occasion, call or Phone

Columbia Bottling Works,

C. R. BARGER, MGR.
Columbia, Kentucky.



5 Cents a Cake at
Russell & Co's.

the co-operative. They called on all of the twelve and found each man enthusiastic for the new method of selling burley tobacco and backing it to the limit, so far as their influenced.

After all, we may have to go to war again to settle the difficulties of peace.

Don't go around with a chip on your shoulder unless it is worth knocking off.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

The Big Muskeg

By
VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Illustrations by
R. H. Livingstone

Copyright by Stewart Kidd Company



Kitty drew her down beside her, hand coming here with Will Carruthers and feeling you ought to know, and she began to speak. But please don't say a word about the man you're engaged to. I feel like a mischief-maker. But I love you, dear, and I like Will, and I don't feel he isn't to blame. That's why I came to you. And I've no doubt he's honorable enough to say nothing at all, if you want to—

"Kitty!" Molly sprang to her feet, quivering with indignation.

Kitty rose. "I don't know now that I'm wrong," she said. "I hope you will come to have any feeling against me, dear. Only you didn't seem to understand—well, things. And what I'm saying hasn't anything to do with Mr. Bowyer. If you feel that you don't care for him—"

"Care for that beast!" said Molly.

Day by day the trestling grew, and the embankment appeared about it until the first part was hidden under the permanent way. Thousands of feet of logs had gone into the building. Each day the engine pushed the laden ballast trucks farther out upon the creaking, swaying structure. Then the pressure of the lever, tons of debris discharged through the frame of the woodwork, and the engine went snorting back toward the ballast pit, dragging the empty trucks behind it.

Kitty had gone back to Clayton. She had said that she would return, but Wilton doubted it. He still cherished the hope of friendship, when time had obliterated their joint memory of that afternoon. He could not bear to lose her. She seemed a part of Joe, and he found it hard to shake his mind free of his preconceptions. For the present, however, he recognized that her remaining there would prove an embarrassment.

He sent her back to Clayton with Andersen, who had proved entirely trustworthy since the first night, and was going in on business for him.

And he had very little time to think of Kitty in the critical period that followed. Wilton slept only a few hours nightly. For five days he could not even go to the portage. On the sixth morning appeared at hand. The sink-holes had been filled in and there was not the slightest subsidence of the grade. Andersen returned that night and Wilton went to bed in confidence. Chambers was as confident as he.

On the following morning, as he left his shack, the workmen came running toward him, jabbering and gesticulating. The foreman, hurrying up behind them, shouted and pointed in excitement in the direction of the muskeg.

When Wilton reached the shore he found that his worst fears had been succeeded.

Two-thirds of the trestle-work had disappeared, including a great stretch of the foundation, over which the locomotives and ballast trucks had passed the day before. The subsidence was seventy or eighty yards in length. The top alone remained above the treacherous swamp, and the rails hung festooned in midair.

The whole embankment would have to be reconstructed. As the mere mechanical process of dumping might serve merely to add to the weight superimposed upon the treacherous bottom, Wilton determined to lay down a corduroy over the sink-holes—a mattress of tree-trunks. The depositing of the ballast on this would serve to compress the muskeg and loose rock, making a firm foundation, and the trunks, as they became water-logged, would add, increasing the strength of the whole structure as time went by.

But for a few hours he almost abandoned hope. At the best, it meant holding up the construction of the line, for the permanent way was now only a few miles behind, and he dared not start operations on the east shore until he knew whether the muskeg could be spanned.

He spent the morning in his office, writing a report for the directors. The news would reach Clayton as soon as it could be telephoned, but at least he would have another chance. It was too late now to think of changing the route without throwing the company into liquidation. And Kitty held control.

The thought of that strengthened his resolve. He could not bring himself to go to Molly with the despondency upon him, but busied himself that afternoon examining the wreck.

For about a month he had had a strange protegee. One evening Jules Halfhead, the deaf-mute, appeared at the door of his shack, and quickly assumed the care of it. He was nearly always to be found there in Wilton's absence. Sometimes, however, he would betake himself back to the portage, and he was free of the camp, where he ran errands and messages for the engineers, and was the butt of mild practical jokes.

Wilton came to the conclusion, however, that the Muskegon's mind was as acute as any man's, and that his apparent simplicity was nothing but the outward aspect of his infirmity.

When Jules had cooked Wilton's supper that evening he came into the office in a state of excitement. The man had loved the work. He was often to be seen on the trestle, clinging for dear life to a plank as the trucks rumbled past within an inch of his head. When he saw the wreck of the embankment that morning, the foreman said that he had burst into tears. Now he was evidently trying to describe something to Wilton in pantomime; but Wilton could not follow his meaning.

Suddenly he seized a pencil from the desk and, stooping, began to draw a picture of the trestle upon the wall with remarkable skill.

Wilton's interest was at once aroused. "Yes," he said, nodding to Jules. "What about it?"

It was his habit to talk, although the deaf-mute could not hear his voice. Jules had an instinctive faculty of understanding. He looked at Wilton and nodded back.

He next drew four uprights—the long, heavy trunks of considerable girth that were driven into the ground to support the trestling. Then he made a smudgy line across each. Then he drew a hatchet. He looked up at Wilton in pathetic eagerness, and nodded again.

"You mean that some one tampered with the trestling?" shouted Wilton.

Jules, who had watched his lips, nodded eagerly. But, as he always nodded when he was spoken to, little meaning could be attached to that.

Wilton wondered if that was what he did mean. If the uprights had been tampered with before they were set in to the ground, by ax-cuts or otherwise, the weight of the ballast would undoubtedly have broken them. The break would not have been immediately apparent, but the trestling would in such case be practically imposed upon the surface of the swamp, without support. The ballast would have spread over the muskeg, causing the entire structure to subside.

"Who did it?" asked Wilton, speaking slowly and carefully.

Jules, who was still watching him, suddenly turned and, with lightning movements, drew a caricature of Lee Chambers on the woodwork of the wall.

Wilton looked at it and drew in his breath. Then he nodded. Jules nodded in return, smiled, and left the room. Wilton reflected deeply.

If Chambers was a spy of Bowyer's, why had he shown him the bedrock at all? On the other hand, assuming that Wilton must eventually discover it himself, Bowyer might have sent Chambers to make a virtue of a necessity and to secure a position at the camp, where he could be of service to him.

In any case, Wilton could afford to take no further chances with him. It would serve no purpose to accuse him of having tampered with the trestling. He would give him a post somewhere where he could do no harm, and thus get rid of him.

Fighting down the burning rage in his heart, he went down the road toward the shack which the engineer occupied. This was a reconstructed shed. There was only one room in it, but Chambers had asked to have this rather than share the quarters of the other engineers.

The men were back in the bunk-houses, but the door of the shed was padlocked. Thinking that Chambers might be in the camp, he made his way toward the other quarters. But presently he heard some one calling him and, turning, saw Andersen running after him.

"Were you looking for Mr. Chambers, sir?" asked the foreman.

"Yes. Where is he?"

"Why, he went back to Clayton this noon, Mr. Carruthers! He said he was going in for you."

Wilton's suspicions suddenly flamed up. "The key!" he shouted, pulling at the padlock.

"I guess he took it with him," said Andersen.

"Have the staples pulled out at once!"

Wilton waited, fuming, until Andersen reappeared with the tool. The foreman wrenched out the staples and Wilton burst open the door. As he had expected, the shack was completely empty of all Chambers' belongings.

The two men looked at each other. Slow understanding came into Andersen's face.

"He was a bad gun," said the Swede. "I guessed you knew your business, Mr. Carruthers, when you took on Tom Bowyer's right-hand man. It wasn't for me to say nothing."

"Keep your mouth shut still, Andersen," said Wilton, slapping him on the shoulder. "We'll just start working again. And keep your eyes open. Some time we'll get him, and I'll telephone Inspector Quain to pick him up if ever he sees him in Clayton."

CHAPTER IX

The Face at the Window.

It was five days since Wilton had been to the portage. He had not meant to see Molly in his despondency, but now the discovery of Chambers' treachery came with an invigorating shock and aroused his fighting instinct against Bowyer.

He took the road across the Muskeg. Wilton saw the girl upstairs, at the factor's side. A book was on her knees and a lighted lamp behind her. She was not talking to him, however, but staring out of the window, and yet she did not see Wilton as he came to the door.

At his knock she came downstairs more slowly than usual. When she opened the door to him he saw that she was trembling. Her cheek was icy cold beneath his kiss.

"Come in, Will—I have something to say to you," she said.

He put his arm about her, and they went into the store together. He could feel that she was trembling all the while.

"What is it, Molly?" he asked, looking into her face and seeing tears in her eyes. "What is it, dear?"

"I'm afraid that we've both made a mistake, Will," she answered.

Wilton laughed. Once or twice Molly had questioned his love for her, but he had never had any difficulty in convincing her, in the usual lover's way.

"Molly, dear, I know I have neglected you," he said penitently. "But you know that until the work's finished I can't ask you anything. And I've been rushing it through, feeling that then I should have the right to."

"It's not the work, Will," she said, slowly. "I want you to release me."

The laughter died on his lips. He put his hands upon her shoulders and turned her toward him. She raised her face; her lips were quivering, and the tears had fallen, leaving her eyes hard and bright.

"You mean that, Molly?" asked Wilton gravely.

"Every word, Will."

"Why?"

"I have ceased to care for you."

She was keeping control of herself with a strong effort, and she shook more violently. She had nerved herself to offer an explanation, but now, face to face with him, she could not tell him that she had been moved by pity for him, and self-deceived. It was impossible for her to lie to Wilton.

"Molly"—she saw that his face was set hard as on that night of the riot—"I don't play with love. I love you and trust you. If you mean that, tell me again, and that will be enough for me."

"I—meant it! Oh, can't you understand that I have changed?" she cried desperately. "I can never care for you, Wilton!"

He released her and turned away. "Good-night, Molly," he said.

Yet he went slowly out of the door, and, because the shock had come with stunning force, he was amazed that she did not call him back. He could not make himself understood that all



"Good-Night, Molly," He Said.

his dreams and hopes of five minutes before were broken. Not until he had reached the portage. Then he stopped and looked back. The door of the store was closed. The light still burned in the factor's room and he saw Molly cross toward him and fling herself on her knees beside him.

He clenched his fists; but somehow the violence that relieved his feelings usually seemed to have no place here. He couldn't understand. He went home slowly across the portage.

The factor looked up when Molly entered, and was astonished to see the tears upon her face. When she knelt down he put his hand clumsily upon her hair.

"What has happened, lass?" he asked. "Was it Will Carruthers who quarreled with?"

"He will never come here again," said Molly.

A dull fire burned in the factor's eyes. He seemed to be struggling between two impulses: One was to comfort his daughter; the other, his gratification.

"Ah weel, lass, ye'll find another," he said.

But he abased his head before her indignant glance. At that moment the girl felt that her father and she were farther apart than they had ever been.

When Wilton reached his shack he took off his coat and flung himself down on his bed. He would not speculate on Molly's motives. He would not think of her at all. He would neither condemn her nor pity himself.

He forged his mind back to his task. The trestle—he would lay down a corduroy—he would drive the men all the summer, if need be, for Joe's sake. Poor Joe! The presence of the dead man seemed to fill the camp just as of old. Joe was the guiding spirit of this work. He had loved Joe more truly than it seemed possible to love any woman.

He completed the few routine duties of the office and went to bed. He had dozed off to sleep when something made him start up in bed and listen intently. He thought he had heard a slight sound in the office.

It was so slight that even his trained ears sent the message to his brain doubtfully. But it came again. Some one had very softly clicked back the catch of one of the windows.

He had the sense of a listener beneath it, and, all alert, Wilton crept noiselessly to his feet and stood listening in the darkness. Now there was no doubt. The window was being pushed very softly open. It was the window between the safe and his bedroom door. In the moonlight Wilton could see that it was opening by inches.

His own door was slightly ajar, and, inch by inch, he pushed it open, too. He saw a pair of hands, white, not work-roughened, placed against the bottom of the window-frame. A face appeared and was thrust cautiously inside the room in reconnaissance. Wilton recognized Lee Chambers.

Satisfied, apparently, that Wilton was asleep in the next room, Chambers began to climb over the sill. Wilton waited till he was balanced there, and then, leaping forward, he drove his fist with all his force into his face. He felt the bone of the nose smash under his hand.

With a muffled cry Lee Chambers flung up his hands, slipped backward and fell. As Wilton ran to the window the ex-engineer leaped up and raced toward the trees. The thought of his treachery came into Wilton's mind and turned his sardonic humor into red rage. He reached into his desk drawer and pulled out the loaded revolver which he kept there. But by the time he was at the window again Chambers was gone.

Three months later an engine pushed two ballast trucks from the west to the east shore of Big Muskeg. The swamp was spanned. The corduroy had been laid upon the sink-holes, and had borne the ballasting. The trestling ran from bank to bank and carried the metals drun, but the foundation was only as yet laid half-way, and the final proof had yet to be made.

However, Wilton had no doubts of the result. He had tried out the danger-spots. The trestle would contain the ballast. His work had been accomplished.

After the subsidence he had paid a flying visit to Clayton. He had not seen Kitty, and Kitty had not returned to the camp, but he had had a stormy meeting with the directors and, as he had foreseen, had been given his chance to try once more. There was, indeed, nothing else to be done. Bowyer had made the most of the disaster; but it was to Bowyer's interest that Wilton should try again and fail. That would put the Missatibi promptly into liquidation.

Now Wilton had succeeded. Big Muskeg was conquered, and on the east shore the vanguard of the line was driving the cleared way forward and pegging out the way for the metals. Soon grading would begin. Wilton's camp would shrink, and the engines would be moved ahead, and—he would have time to think.

He dreaded that. He had not seen Molly or the factor since that night of the subsidence. He knew that Bowyer had paid more than one visit to the store, but he shrugged his shoulders and put it out of his mind.

The workmen, after their months of arduous labor, had begun to grow slack. There was restiveness in the camp. Once or twice Wilton had seen signs of liquor. He detected it in the slowing up of work; he had smelled it in the bunkhouses—the penetrating odor of cheap alcohol, with its suggestion of gasoline.

Andersen, forestalling him, came to him about the time of this discovery.

"They're getting that rot-gut again, Mr. Carruthers," he said. "I don't know where. I'm keeping my eyes peeled, but I ain't said nothing."

"The best policy," said Wilton. "The men have worked hard. When this job's finished we'll let them slack up for a day or two. Then we'll get down to business on this proposition. But if you find out anything let me know at once."

A few days later came the spanning of the swamp. On the same afternoon a summons came from the court, together with a letter from Quain. The police had at last picked up Papillon and Passepartout, and had recovered the rifle and transit compass. Wilton was wanted in Clayton to give evidence against the men.

The call was opportune. Wilton had already determined to put into execution a plan that he had formed. It was now October, and little more than two months remained before the loan would be called. That would give Bowyer the control of the Missatibi.

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Driven by the ironical realization that he was working for Bowyer, Wilton had resolved to go to Clayton as soon as the trestling was completed, and try to raise the money to pay Phayre, who, he knew, would not renew the note.

Big Muskeg was spanned. And, on the strength of that, Wilton believed the time had come to give Joe's secret to the world. He would publish far and wide the secret of the wheat lands. He would establish sufficient confidence in the line to make the raising of a loan a possibility.

Before leaving he placed a night guard on duty over the office, and arranged with Andersen to have three or four reliable men on watch in the event of the laborers attempting to cross the portage. He went to Clayton and laid his statement before a directors' meeting. They heard him in frigid silence.

"That's an old story," said Curtis,



"That's an Old Story," Said Curtis, the Vice-President, When He Had Finished.

the vice-president, when he had finished.

An angry wrangle followed, which led nowhere. They flatly refused to spend any money on advertising. All the while, Phayre, leaning back in his chair, looked on and took no part in the proceedings.

"It comes to this," said Curtis finally, thumping the table energetically. "We'll have to increase our capital. The delay has eaten into our reserves. We'll have to push straight toward our objective, the Transcontinental.

Then we'll have the monopoly of a steady freighting business."

He could not get them to listen to the story of the wheat lands. Wilton wanted to advertise it widely, to open it up to homesteaders. He had plans for elevators. But the directors, who resented Kitty's control, were dead against him, and he got no thanks for what he had done.

The following morning the Sentinel—Phayre's paper—came out with a cartoon showing a widow dropping her mite into a bottomless pail marked "Missatibi," which boiled over a slow fire of wheat stalks.

Somebody had betrayed the secret, thus forwarding Bowyer and enabling him to open his campaign to deride it. But Wilton would not open his mind to suspicion.

TO BE CONTINUED

The News \$1.50 in Kentucky.

HENRY W. DEPP

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"Black-Draught is, in my opinion, the best liver medicine on the market," states Mrs. R. H. Whiteside, of Keota, Okla. She continues: "I had a pain in my chest after eating—tight, uncomfortable feeling—and this was very disagreeable and brought on headache. I was constipated and knew it was indigestion and inactive liver. I began the use of Black-Draught, night and morning, and it sure is splendid and certainly gives relief."

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For over seventy years this purely vegetable preparation has been found beneficial by thousands of persons suffering from effects of a torpid, or slow-acting liver. Indigestion, biliousness, colic, coated tongue, dizziness, constipation, bitter taste, sleeplessness, lack of energy, pain in back, puffiness under the eyes—any or all of these symptoms often indicate that there is something the matter with your liver. You can't be too careful about the medicine you take. Be sure that the name, "Thedford's Black-Draught," is on the package. At all druggists.

Accept Only
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Practice makes perfect. Fourteen bases were stolen during the first game played by Sing Sing convicts.

The Louisville

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The Courier-Journal is ably edited; it is sane and dignified in its handling of news; it is fearless, yet fair, in its editorial utterances; and it always will be found the champion of clean government.

The Courier-Journal surpasses all its competitors in equipment for getting the news of the day, because it has not only the Associated Press dispatches but the full wire service of the New York Times. In addition it maintains staff correspondents at Frankfort and at Washington.

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This offer applies to renewals as well as new subscriptions, but only to people living in Kentucky, Tennessee or Indiana. New subscriptions may, if desired, start at a later date, and renewals will date from expiration of present ones.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

[WALLACE BASSFORD.]

Washington, D. C., June 5.—Shortly before the election of President Harding, Senator Lodge, Judge Hughes and some twenty-nine other men, whose names were thought sufficiently impressive to make the people believe an otherwise improbable tale, issued a statement in which they said that the way to get into the League of Nations was to vote for Harding. It is far from the province or the intention of this writer to fall a foul of those who may have their own views on that momentous question, but it is healthful and harmless to laugh and to rejoice at having been born a Missourian, with all of the inborn incredulity of that race of Disciples of Aristotle. For was it not that great Greek philosopher who said that "Incredulity is the source of all wisdom"? How Lodge and Hughes and the other twenty-nine must chuckle at the gullibility of the average voter! Thousands fell for it. Thousands are now falling for that other great piece of bunkum, the President's claim to great economics in the administration of the government. When this session of Congress adjourns along in the Dog Days of August, or later, it will be found that the appropriations for the support of the government will be fully as large as for the previous year, and that saturnalia of extravagance was also a Republican financial debauch.

H. H. Kehlfaat, for many years the editor of Chicago's great Republican newspaper and the friend of McKinley and Hanna, tells in his autobiography a little tale of Lodge which, had it been known in the fall of 1920, would have caused the public to take with a grain of salt his promise that Harding would lead the country into the League of Nations. Of course his manifesto was given out in order to hold to Harding those Republicans who favored the League. Kehlfaat tells how he urged Hanna to show to Lodge the draft of the financial plank on which McKinley was to run—a plank sawed out in the offices of J. P. M. & Co., in Wall Street, just opposite the New York Stock Exchange. Hanna swore a mighty oath and refused, saying that Lodge could not be trusted to keep it under his hat. Kehlfaat overpersuaded him, however, and with Hanna's reluctant permission, showed the plank to Lodge, who begged a copy on promise of secrecy. What was Kehlfaat's chagrin to find that he Boston papers had it next morning with Lodge headlined as the author of the plank, and the Associated Press wiring it to St. Louis under a Boston date-line! And thus Lodge slipped under the canvas and made all Massachusetts believe that it was his brain that achieved that monumental financial hocus-pocus that fooled the people in the year 1896. Now the question naturally arises, who engineered the hocus-pocus of 1920? No matter who is entitled to wear the leather medal as the champion bull-shooter of the party, certain it is that they always have a number of both experts and amateurs warming up to the job should blow up. Even the Washington Post, whose editor deserted the party of his fathers to enjoy the social

entree at the White House, can see no good in the performances of the present Congress. In reading the following extract from a Post editorial, it is well to remember that there are sixty Republican members in the Senate:

"The situation in the Senate at this moment constitutes an indictment of the good sense of the Republican party. At this moment, when Congress is under the fire of criticism, and the record of the Republican Party is under scrutiny, when millions of voters are making a record of absenteeism and neglect of public business that will surely return to plague them. 'On yesterday' when a call of the Senate was made, only 30 Republican senators answered to their names. Possibly each of the absentees had a good excuse for his absence; but in the list appeared the names of several who have been habitually absent, although they are reported to be in good health and anxious to serve their country as senators. So anxious are some of them, in fact, that they have deserted the Senate Chamber for the stump, where they rely upon their eloquence to convince the voter that this is the best Congress that has ever met."

Racial Solidarity Again.

There appeared in last week's issue of the Louisville News, a paper published by colored men and women for colored men and women, a statement to the effect that last summer, while the heated municipal campaign was in progress, financial agents of the Searcy-Chilton Republican machine sent to all, or nearly all, of the colored churches of Louisville and the pastor of at least one colored church returned a check for \$400, stating that, although his church needed money it did not need that kind of money.

We would much like to have this incident verified. If correct, it is as creditable to that colored church as it is discreditable to the political machine that is charged with using political campaign funds for this purpose. In any event, the tracing of the large sums of money that were spent last year among the colored people of Louisville by the Republican machine would be a matter of vital civic interest if the facts could be obtained.

The Evening Post has again and again referred to that ominous phenomena of Louisville politics—racial solidarity. We make no secret of our conviction that racial solidarity is unfortunate and dangerous. Of course it would not be necessary for the colored vote to split into two equal divisions: no one expects that. But last year it was demonstrated with mathematical certainty that, while the white people divide in local politics, the Republican machine has established here, through methods satisfactory to itself, racial solidarity among the colored people. Of the 10,000 of more white voters a clear majority of 20,800 voted for Overton Harris for mayor; 27,000 colored voters, massed at the polls in solid phalanx, made Mr. Quin Mayor, overriding the tremendous white majority recorded for the Democratic candidates. There is no escape from the figures or the situation they reveal. The issue is one that must

be faced. The most intelligent colored men in Louisville fully understand it. Many of them would do much to break up racial solidarity, but so far they have been able to make little progress.

And all this brings us back to those alleged contributions from party campaign funds to colored churches. Were they made? We hope the News will not neglect this matter it has opened.—Louisville Post.

Home Town Stuff.

Blow your home town's bugle. Let your bugle be heard around the world. What would this town be if folks didn't have something good to say for it? The good effect is cumulative. If one says things loud enough and often enough things will begin moving our town's way. It has proved true in the past; it will prove doubly so now.

Some towns excel in one thing. Some excel in others. All, it is safe to say, excel in some things. Play 'em up. Maybe it's railway facilities and that means convenience in shipping. Maybe it is schools. Parents are always on the lookout, when they move, for good schools. Maybe it is sanitary arrangements. Maybe there's cheap fuel to be had; or water power; or low tax rate; or it may be a town of naturally good habits; or it may boast of its excellent amusements.

Paved streets, efficient city administrations, complete sewerage, a growing park system, a boulevard plan, a civic center, the center of a farming community—why, just good people will give a tip to the friends of the town for something to talk about.

The man who boosts his town is a good citizen. He need not brag—simply tell the truth. Tell the folks why the old home town, with its rows of shady trees, its up-to-the-minute homes, fine kept lawns and its sleepy Sunday morning church bell, is a fine place to live. It will interest them—and, if nothing more, it will make you yourself more happy and contented—Exchange.

More of the Same

The present law concerning the State Tax Commission has a provision in it that says the County Tax Commissioner may appoint deputies with the approval of the State Commission.

County tax commissioners are now being notified by the State Tax Commission that the deputies names must be submitted to them for approval.

This is the first time in all the history of Kentucky that a law was placed on the books requiring a county officer elected by the people to get permission from Frankfort to appoint his deputies.

It is equivalent to the State Tax Commission assuming direct control of the office and taking the authority from the local officer and the people. It was passed by the Republican Legislature of 1920 and escaped notice of the legislature of 1922. It is one of the many examples of centralization practiced by the party which believes in centralized authority.

President Harding declares that industrial conditions continue to improve.

Depsy, it is said, has been offered 490,000 to fight in France. The best previous offer, we believe, was \$30 a month.

France Was Lenient in 1788.

Americans who are fretting because France does not liquidate her obligations to this country do not remember that away back in 1788 when this country could not pay France held out a helping hand and for the first five years of our debt to her charged no interest.

"Charged no interest!" That sentence will be hard to digest by the modern business man who always figures he must have the interest before the principal is paid.

During the period from 1778 to 1782 the French king loaned a total of 18,000,000 livres or francs to the United States. It was agreed that we were to pay 5 per cent interest. Subsequently Benjamin Franklin got the king to allow 12 years for the payment of this sum.

The king wrote: "His majesty, being willing to give the said United States a new proof of his affection and friendship is pleased to forgive the whole arrears of interest to this day, and thence to the date of the treaty of peace."

When the knockers knock France for being a crazy nation, think twice before you speak and then show them as we were shown in our infant days when this country needed a friend.

Further the French king got the Dutch government to hold up on its collection of 10,000,000 francs which we owed that nation and the king agreed to pay Holland for the first five years until this country could catch up with its payments to him.

The financial affairs of the United States, however, went from bad to worse and soon interest and principal went unpaid. Not until Alexander Hamilton reorganized the finances was payment resumed. In 1783 Jefferson was able to write to the American minister in France that "in the course of two years we have paid up seven arrears of our indebtedness to France."

Part of this debt was paid by assistance to France in Santo Domingo. The whole loan had lingered until it was not to be collected until twenty-three years after it was made. However, the United States paid the debt a few years before the final date and the cancellation took place in 1795. Those who expect this country to make the European nations "come across" with cash have not a leg to stand on.—New York Tribune.

The editor of Commerce and Finance, of New York, says the reduction of freight rates and the German loan prospects are cheering factors for the United States and that July 1st appears as a probable date on which the industrial wheels in America will start to revolve at wartime speed. Since the above report was made the Railway Labor Board has reduced the wages of 400,000 railway employees \$48,000,000, which is claimed will open the way for the employment for 200,000 more men and lead to a new era of railway development. Tuesday's papers suggest that another cut of a similar amount in the pay of the shop employees will be made.

Soon, now, the college graduate will be imparting to us the wisdom he failed to learn in his school days.

CHAUTAUQUA, JUNE 18--24

Letter from Hartford, Conn.

Editor of the News:

I have been in the city of Hartford, Connecticut since last October, and I thought I would write a few lines that might be of interest to your readers. I will write about a few things of passing interest located in Hartford.

Hartford is a beautiful city located on the Connecticut River about one hundred and ten miles from New York City on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. Hartford has some very large and important manufacturing: such as Colt's Patent Fire arms Company, Underwood Typewriter Co., Royal Typewriter Co., Pratt & Cady Co., all of which employ thousands of men and women. Perhaps the greatest industry in Hartford is the insurance business. The leading companies are the Travelers, which employ about seven thousand; the Aetna, employing between six and seven thousand. The Travelers has two large buildings together and the Aetna is beside these. This is known as insurance row. The Travelers building is the highest building in the New England States and the sixth tallest in the United States. It is thirty-four stories high. The Travelers just moved into their new building about the first of May. They go to work at 8:30 to 12:20 and from 1:30 to 4:00 p. m. It is difficult to get along the streets when the insurance people are going in or coming out. The trolley car company cross section the blocks each way and they unload 45 cars of people in front of these buildings in about 40 minutes then they have the same number of cars back there at noon and evening to take care of the traffic. The police department has a man in the center of the street and one on the curb on each side of the street to control the traffic.

Then comes the Phoenix, the Hartford Fire, the Mutual, the London Lancaster and many smaller companies that are located in different parts of the city. The Hartford fire moved into their new building last October, which is a magnificent modern building costing several millions of dollars. This building is one of the prettiest buildings in the city, and they employ about three thousand people.

Hartford is known for its insurance and apartment houses, some of the finest apartment houses in the whole country are there.

I will next tell you something about the scenery of Hartford.

The Corning Fountain stands on the Capitol grounds. It is surmounted by a bronze figure representing Hartford. In the basin stands the four principle figures in bronze; the first representing the Indian in his wild state; the second represents him taming the white man; the third shows him attempting to repel his new comer, while the fourth represents him kneeling in submission. This fountain is lighted with different colored lights at night, which makes the spray from the fountain that is pouring over these figures very pretty and attrac-

tive. These lights are changed each night. It presents as different colored water.

The State Library is built of granite and was occupied in 1910. The building is an adaption of the Italian Renaissance style of architecture and contains the courtroom and offices and library of the State Supreme Court; portraits of Governors; the Old Charter; the table on which Lincoln signed the Emancipation papers; the Mitchelson collection of medals, coins and currency; Stuart's portrait of Washington and many other articles of interest.

Old City Hall, the second State House, now known as the City Hall, was built in 1792 at the cost of \$52,480 and is valued for its historic associations and for the charm of its architecture. General Lafayette and Presidents Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Johnson and Grant were welcomed there, also General Foch this last winter.

The Morgan Memorial stands on the grounds given by J. Pierpont Morgan in memory of his father. The building is a beautiful example of the English Renaissance architecture and is built of pink Knoxville marble. It was first opened to the public in January, 1910, and contains the Morgan collection of famous paintings, tapestries, porcelains and fine pottery collections.

The Charter Oak Tree. It was in the hollow of this tree that the Charter procured from Charles II in 1662, securing the rights of independent self government, was concealed when demand was made for its surrender in 1687.

The Charter Oak was blown down in a gale in 1856. The tree measured thirty-three feet in circumference at the base and its age is estimated at a thousand years.

The home of Mark Twain is located on Farmington Avenue, and is a very fine old time building with pretty lawn and scenery surrounding it. It has been bought by some society for several thousand dollars.

They have some of the prettiest parks here of any city I have ever visited, especially, Elizabeth Park, which has a rose garden known for its beauty all over the East. Men have told me, that are in a position to know, that there are no parks in New York City that compares with this one for beauty.

My letter is getting too lengthy so if this escapes the waste basket, perhaps, I will write again sometime.

E. D. Barger.

From Texas.

Eddy Texas 5, 22, 22.

Mr. Ed. Hadley, Creelsboro, Ky.

We are permitted to published the following private letter which will be of interest to people of Russell county. The writer is a son of Mr. Albert Coffey, deceased.

Across the space of 30 years I greet you and yours. During all these years, I have remembered you most pleasantly. I shall never forget the time I stayed at your home and taught the school at Cherry Grove. It is a bright spot in my memory, and appears

to get brighter as the years go by. I shall never forget the kindness of Mrs. Hadley, and more especially, after I had been sick. She knew that I had almost an ungovernable appetite and she tried so hard to keep me filled up. You remember the time I ate a whole Ground Hog you caught in the Punkin Patch. I will admit you ate some of it, but I ate the greater part. Those were happy days and I shall always be thankful to both of you.

I trust Ed. that time has dealt kindly with you and Mrs. Hadley, and that both are well and happy. I know the sands are running low with us, but however all should be well. I often think of the boys—they were good boys. I remember your son Gaither. He was a baby. I hope he has made a good strong man. I want you to write me and tell me about the boys. I certainly will be pleased to get a letter from you.

After coming to Texas in 1895 I taught school several years, served several years as state senator of Texas, have held public positions all the time and am now Post Master at Eddy, but am expecting to get "Further" most any time now, as I am still an uncompromising Democrat, and you know that does not set well with the present administration.

President Harding said he wanted us to get back to "Normalcy". But here is what that means to the producing South and West; it means to receive about 100 per cent less for our raw material, and still pay war prices for the manufactured product. But enough of that.

Ed. I have as fine herd of hogs as America affords. This pig was a year old the day this picture was made. On that day, he stood 42 inches high, was 88 inches long, stood on a eleven inch bone and weighed 600 lb and in thin flesh. A hog 18 inches high can walk under his belly and not touch him.

I have many pigs which at weaning time (60) days old, which will weigh 60 pounds. I have bought the best blood in America I will exhibit at the National Pine Show at Peoria Ill. the first of Oct. and will try to run down to see you.

Always Yours

Joe Coffey.

Officers Disagree.

One of those silly controversies about "seniority" has broken out among American army and navy men, and it is stated that the President will be asked to settle it.

Major General Summerall is in command of the American troops in Hawaii, and Rear Admiral Simpson is in command of the American Warships in those waters. Which of the two shall prevail when a dispute arises? As a matter of fact, their rank is relatively the same. A Rear Admiral in the navy ranks with a Major General in the army. One way of settling it might be to consider the one first raised to his rank the senior officer on that station.

There have been many disputes of this kind in the English service in the past. Major General Clive and Rear Admiral Watson clashed upon one occasion about signing a bogus treaty—a treaty that

INSURE WITH MEN WHO KNOW

But the Car was Gone

Perhaps no man is ever so keenly appreciative of the value of automobile theft insurance as the car owner who leaves a business appointment or social call, to find his car gone from its parking place. Then the owner is either hopelessly at sea or with a sigh of relief he realizes that he has a theft insurance policy.



The Best of Them Burn

Even the car in the finest home garage is never safe from a real danger of fire. You insure your home but how many people neglect to have a policy written covering both car and garage. As a matter of fact the majority of garages are not even of fire-resistive construction and the oil, gasoline and electric wiring in the car form a dangerous fire hazard.

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was not meant to be kept—with an Indian Prince named Omichund. Clive signed but Watson would not; then Clive forged Watson's name to the document. This was not a nice thing to do, and since the rule has been, we believe, that English army men of the same grade when it is necessary to take some action. —Louisville Post.

Gen. von Kuhl at Berlin has published a statement which assumes to account for the failure of the Germans in their descent on Paris in 1914. The battle of the Marne was lost, as he explained it, because the German troops did not keep in touch with headquarters. One Lieut Hentch was sent with orders from the general staff to the commanders of the advancing troops, but as he failed to reach his destination in time, Gen von Buelow ordered a retreat and the second one followed. The general declared that the French "who had been beaten," were joyfully surprised at the action of the German command.

The unruly tongue is best curbed by keeping the mouth shut.

James Monfort, the officer who killed Charles Lockard, was fined \$1,000. He will repeal the case.

The Victoria Hotel in Louisville is to be enlarged by the building of an addition with 100 rooms.

Flag the 'Red Baby'



Here it is. The reddest, fastest baby you ever saw on four wheels. And it's on the job every day and every hour of the day.

Watch for it. It carries Cream Separators, binder twine and seasonable goods—it is a farm service supply station on rubber tires.

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